

The First Time

by Sam J

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The First Time

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****The First Time****

Disclaimer: All of the characters belong to J.K. Rowling, not me. The plot belongs to me, but I got the idea from a morning show on USA - unfortunately I can't remember the name of it. Anyway, I don't have any money, so I'm not worth suing.

A/N: This is pretty fluffy - no action but kinda funny. I guess it could take place at any time of the books, but in this story Harry and Hermione have a relationship as more than friends. And on with the story...

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"So," Hermione started, coming up from behind Harry and putting her arm around his shoulders, "Where do you want to do it?" Harry glanced around the empty Gryffindor Common Room and shrugged. "I don't know, the tables?" Hermione looked at the tables, all piled high with books and scrolls. She shook her head, "No, we'd have to clear them off. It'd take too long,"

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 Harry paused, "Okay, how 'bout the floor?" "Harry! That would be _way _too uncomfortable. What about in front of the fireplace? There's a nice, thick rug," she suggested. "Um, don't you think it'd get a little hot?" Harry asked, placing his arm around her waist.

"Mmm...you're right. Well, where then?" Hermione looked at Harry. He took one last look around the room and sighed, "I guess we'll have to do it in the girl's dormitory then..." smiling sweetly at her.

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 Hermione laughed at this, "We'd make a mess!" He shrugged, serious again, "I don't know, you're the experienced one, remember? This is my first time," "You're right, I keep forgetting. I can't

believe we didn't do this sooner...Well, come on, I guess we can clear off a table. This shouldn't take long, although we'll have to clean up before the other students return."

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It took awhile, but the two eventually cleared off enough space. Just then, Ron came in carrying newspaper and a bucket of tools. "Hullo, Ron!" Harry greeted his best friend, "We were just getting started."

"Oh, good. The line in that Hogsmead supply store was incredibly long, and I just ran into Malfoy. I swear, I took all the will power in me not to stab him with the knife here," Ron said, taking a carving knife out of the bucket. He pulled out a chair at the table and sat down, as Hermione spread the newspaper in front of them. "So, what exactly do we have to do? I've never done this the muggle way before," he asked.

Harry hoisted the unusually huge pumpkin onto the table and took a seat himself. "Well," Hermione began, "First you have to cut a circle out on the top of the pumpkin...like this," she showed them, "Then, you take all the seeds out with the scoop..." "Wow, look at all those seeds!" Ron exclaimed.

After about ten minutes of scooping the three were covered to their elbows in slime. Hermione quickly performed a cleaning spell (_Lavios!_) and sighed with relief, "That's the worst part of carving pumpkins." Harry and Ron both nodded in agreement. "Time to draw the face yet?" Harry asked. Hermione nodded. "Alright then, both of you turn away, I want this to be a surprise," he smiled at them. As they turned around, Harry began to carve carefully at the pumpkin with the knife.

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"You can turn around," Harry told them. As they turned, Hermione gasped. He had carved all of their faces on separate sides of the pumpkin, except the faces were all distorted into scary expressions. Ron laughed, "Harry, they look just like us! Are you sure this is your first time?" Hermione eyed Harry suspiciously, "You didn't use any magic, did you?" "No, I promise I didn't! I guess this is just beginner's luck," Harry said smiling. "This was really fun, we should do it every Halloween..."

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The End.

Innocently _So, what did you think? Yeah, kinda pointless but I had fun writing it. Please review, but I'd appreciate it if you didn't flame me. Constructive criticism...blah, blah, you know the deal...if you didn't like it, write why so I can make it better or at least write a better story next time. Thanks a lot!

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